

The Enterprise.

VOL. 2.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1896.

NO. 7.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:29 A. M. Daily.
9:15 A. M. Daily.
12:49 P. M. Daily.
2:47 P. M. Daily.
4:19 P. M. Daily.
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.

SOUTH.

7:20 A. M. Daily.
11:13 A. M. Daily.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
5:20 P. M. Daily.
7:10 P. M. Daily.
12:19 P. M. Saturdays Only.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Cars arrive and depart every forty minutes during the day, from and to San Francisco.

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
9:00	9:35
10:00	10:15
10:40	10:55
11:20	11:35
12:00	12:15
12:40	12:55
1:20	1:35
2:00	2:15
2:40	2:55
3:20	3:35
4:00	4:15
4:40	4:55
5:20	5:35
6:00	6:05

STR. CAROLINE..... CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Albatross, South San Francisco, co., every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 p. m.

Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passenger both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, to 10 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

A. M. P. M.
From the North..... 9:00 3:00
" South..... 10:00 6:45

MAIL CLOSER.

No. 5, South..... 8:30 a. m.
No. 10, South..... 8:50 a. m.
No. 15, South..... 2:30 p. m.
No. 6, North..... 6:00 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Pioneer Hall. Sunday school at 3:30 p. m.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
H. W. Walker	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
J. F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
Wm. P. McEvoy	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.	
Joseph Culin, et al, to Kate Aiglettinger,	10
4.78 acres	
Patricia Morrison to David W. Morrison 219	
acres	5
Clara L. Arzuelo to Abraham Green, NE	
corner lot 24, Bellevue Tract.	10
J. C. Johnson to P. Railroad Co, right of	
way	1
Mrs. Brittan to S. P. Railroad Co, right of	
way	1
Capital B. & L. Assn to M. B. Anderson,	
Blake Tract	5,500
J. F. Coffey to Mary Coffey, 11 acres	
Henry Schleifer and wife to Abraham	
Green, NE corner lot 24, Bellevue Tract.	10
Edward Schlitter to Henry Schleifer, batch	
lots 9, 10 and 11, Thornton & Wise Tract.	10
Colma	
Samuel Moffatt to Mary M. Moffatt, lot	
489, San Mateo City Homestead, and lot	
8, block 2, Concordia Tract.	Gift
David Halpin to Jose Souza, 1 acre	1,200
Mariano Frances to Jess Pecheco, three	
acres	600
N. J. Brittan and wife to S. P. Railroad	
Co, right of way	1
MORTGAGES.	
J. B. Gilcrest and wife to Robert Mills, 560	
acres	7,265
M. B. Anderson to Capital B. & L. Assn,	
property in Blake Tract	4,500
L. J. Winn and wife to O. J. Colby, lot 5,	
block 5, Redwood City	400
Charles W. Christiansen and wife to San	
Mateo Mutual B. & L. Assn, lot 15, block	
10	1,000
Reuben W. Smith and wife to John Morton,	
half lot 8, block 134, South San Fran-	
cisco	700
José E. Rodriguez and Alonzo Rodriguez,	
120 acres	1,295
José Souza to David Halpin, 1 acre	
700	

LATE NEWS NOTES.

W. E. Dupree, hardware merchant in Waco, Tex., is in financial difficulties to the extent of \$250,000.

The orange packers and shippers of Southern California have formed an organization to prevent the refusal of fruit and the repudiation of contracts by eastern shippers. The organization is almost universal among them.

The Jumbo mine, near Perris, in Riverside county, is to be opened up again. The Gavilon mine in the same section employs eleven men and the Santa Rosa sixty men. The good Hope, Santa Rosa and Santa Fe are all running their mills.

ALONG THE COAST.

Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

A Number of Miscellaneous Jottings Briefly and Curly Told in This Column.

There are 1,000 men employed at the Navy Yard at Vallejo.

Oakland and Alameda are considering the building in common of a cemetery.

Palmer Cox, author and artist, the creator of the "Brownies" is in San Francisco.

The mining revival at Ophir, Placer county, has opened up mines idle for twenty years.

The Southern Pacific has just paid its first installment of taxes amounting to \$600,000.

The erection of the first garbage crematory will be begun in a few days in San Francisco.

San Diego county will export about 50,000 boxes of oranges, or 10,000 more than last year.

A San Francisco firm has bought 300,000 gallons of Sonoma county wine. It comes from Santa Rosa.

San Francisco's Trades and Labor Alliance condemn the unemployed for organizing to work at half wages.

Over 200 stands of arms have been taken from persons entering Yosemite park by the two main thoroughfares.

California has captured the Chicago market on lemons. Over twenty-five carloads were sold there in November.

California now has over 25,000 acres of almond orchards, representing an investment of more than \$10,000,000.

The Government has decided to put big guns on Marrowstone point, which commands the entrance to Puget Sound.

Robert Nagler, of San Francisco, who has recently received a patent on an airship, died suddenly a few nights ago.

The Williams flour mills in Colusa county were recently destroyed by fire. The loss was \$20,000, with no insurance.

The wooden mills at Albany, Or., which have been shut down for some time, will be started again in a few days.

Camague is growing between Cuacuanga and Etiwanda, and a man is digging it for a patent medicine maker.

A Mexican, the other day, threw himself in front of a train six miles west of Flagstaff, A. T., and was cut to pieces.

Several prominent citizens of Fresno county are preparing to move to Venezuela and go into the live stock business there.

The body of one of the crew of the San Benito has been found in a cove three miles north of the wreck, near Point Arena.

At San Bernardino the S. C. R. R. shops have increased the working day from 8 to 9 hours, and are putting on more men.

The horse show is now open in San Francisco. It is the Third Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Horse Association.

A young man on a Santa Cruz ranch became insane and died from the effects of a bean playfully snapped into his ear.

Mrs. Mary Burkhardt, of San Francisco, has just found her lost daughter, for whom she has been searching eleven years.

Mrs. C. O. Horsford, aged 60, said to have been the first white child born in San Francisco, died recently in Mount Tabor, Or.

The sheep industry is one of the important ones in Sonoma county. The yearly crop of wool at one time reached 750,000 pounds.

The ladies of the Wednesday Club of San Diego are making an effort to raise funds for the building of a public library in that city.

The late heavy rains brought the flow over the Arizona dam to 120,000 inches of water. Nine breaks occurred in one of the canals.

The ponds of the different ice companies around Truckee are frozen over to a sufficient thickness to permit skating if it were allowed.

The first Farmers' Institute ever held at Santa Rosa convened there a few days ago. The farmers displayed deep interest in the proceedings.

Father Fox, known in religion as Father Bonaventure, died at Santa Barbara recently. He had been connected with the mission for forty years.

The Board of Trustees of Sacramento has passed an ordinance prohibiting, under penalty of a fine, expectorating upon the pavements of the city.

Although a strong fight will be made for the Funding bill, it is now reported from Washington that the probabilities of its passage are small.

Frederick Riemer, the San Rafael real estate agent, who is heir to a

\$250,000 estate in Germany, has been taken to the Insane Asylum at Ukiah.

The new County Courthouse of Santa Cruz is ready for acceptance. It should have been finished February 1st, and the contractor forfeits \$3000 for the delay.

Stanford students want to hold at San Jose every alternate debate with the State University students, as they fancy San Francisco is partial to the Berkeleyans.

The Kelso, B. C., Journal states that a colony of 150 men is being formed there to go to the Fiji islands, and engage in the culture of tropical fruits, coffee, etc.

The tramp steamer McDuff has arrived at Tacoma, Wash., from the Orient, after having encountered a severe storm. She had a cargo of silk valued at \$800,000.

Miss Maggie Hamilton, who has been employed in a Spokane, Wash., dance hall for two years, is reported to have been left \$40,000 by an uncle named Patrick Higgins, who died in San Francisco.

Burglars, a few days ago, stole from the sample rooms of the Hughes Hotel, Fresno, samples of fine clothing belonging to Chicago drummers laid out for inspection. The samples were valued at \$1000.

The American bark McNear, Capt. Pederson, shipped at San Francisco, a crew composed of Japanese, except the officers and cook. The Japanese will receive \$17 a month, a saving of \$5.50 per month over white men. Also the Japanese can be fed much more cheaply than whites.

There is being secretly organized in Spokane, Wash., a company of great sharpshooters, supposed to be under command of J. W. Proctor, better known as "Death-on-the-Trail," a noted Indian scout, the mission of which is to go to Cuba, and join the ranks of the insurgents. About seventy-five men have already enlisted.

Secretary Filcher, of the State Board of Trade, suggests that the permanent building for the proposed exhibit at San Francisco be in the shape of the State of California, with a section set apart to represent each county just as they show on the map. The division lines should form the walk. He wants also to have in all the public offices that are maintained at the expense of the State.

Not content with absorbing the great Boleo copper mine in Lower California, besides a number of valuable copper properties in the United States, the Rothschilds are reaching out for the promising copper fields in the State of Chihuahua, notably the La Paz, Encarnacion and Espiritu Santo mines, which have produced copper for ages.

A representative of the French Rothschilds, John H. Turman, is now at the city of Chihuahua investigating the mines and looking to titles, preparatory to sending out a financial agent to negotiate for their purchase.

The consolidation of the big gas and electric light companies of San Francisco has been accomplished, and the articles of incorporation have been filed. The name of the new company is the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company, and the capital stock is fixed at \$20,000,000. This organization will succeed to the business of the San Francisco Gaslight Company and of the Edison Electric-light Company. Among the incorporators are such leading men as J. B. Crockett, Adam Grant, Levi Strauss, George W. Prescott, P. J. Donahue, J. Downey Harvey, D. T. Murphy, H. H. Pangburn and James B. Stetson.

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THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM.
Editor and Proprietor.

With confidence restored between the distillers and the coffinmakers Satan will now resume business at the old stand.

The curfew bell proposition has reached New York again, together with a crusade against pie. The latter is a sort of cure for consumption.

From the dictionary of the future: Refrigerator.—A large wooden box formerly used to keep meats and other commodities cool by means of ice, but now used by Chicago thieves in which to lock their victims.

It is now claimed by scientists that bacteria are electrocuted by passing a strong current of electricity through any liquid containing them. Shrewd business men have known for a long time that nothing was so destructive to dullness in trade as a strong current of advertising passed through a good newspaper medium.

There is woe among the public school teachers of Georgia because not one of them has received any salary for the quarter which ended on Nov. 1. The Georgia treasury is so nearly empty that to pay the 8,000 teacher, the \$350,000 due them is impossible. Gov. Atkinson says the salaries cannot be paid until the collectors in the different counties make their returns in December.

The German insurance companies made a large increase in business last year. The number of people insured was 134,725, representing an outlay of \$119,000,000. The Germans evidently intend to do this business at home themselves. The restrictions put upon certain American companies desiring to do business in Germany have not been forgotten.

London bakers brought the failure in England's food supply home by raising the price of bread as soon as wheat began to go up, though the rise could not have affected the supply of flour they had on hand. In the cheapest districts bread has risen from three and a half pence to four pence for a four-pound loaf, with the expectation that it will go up to five pence. In the more fashionable quarters bread is selling for six pence and in a few cases for seven pence.

A few years ago a citizen in Berlin unwittingly gave a sentry some slight offense. The sentry killed the citizen, and the Emperor promoted the sentry. The other day a citizen in Berlin accidentally brushed against a lieutenant's chair in a public cafe. The lieutenant killed the citizen, and the Emperor, or the Emperor's military code, protects the lieutenant from punishment. And now some German papers, recklessly regardless of leze majesty, are saying the code should be revised! Yes, the world does move.

Large numbers of Sicilian immigrants continue to arrive at New Orleans. From one steamer 1,265 of them were landed, and there were many picturesque scenes as the excitable strangers came ashore. Many of them knelt down and kissed the dirty boards of the wharf. Then they arose and made the sign of the cross. The fervor with which relatives and friends greeted one another was remarkable. Bearded men rushed into each other's arms and kissed with the abandon and vigor of long-parted lovers. Everybody talked at once, and the noise was terrific.

Maryland pot-hunters, in their illegal war on the ducks, employ, among other nefarious implements, a gun from twelve to fourteen feet long, with a bore like a cannon, and using half a pound of powder to propel two or three pounds of shot at each discharge. These guns are arranged on swivels in the bow of a punt, and when used against the birds at night slaughter them by the hundred. The State game wardens are showing unusual activity this year, and, as they are strongly supported by public opinion, the good effects of their work will soon be manifest.

A Kansas City firm that makes canned soups of various sorts was surprised to receive from Rhode Island the other day an inquiry as to the terms at which it would sell "wishbones" in thousand lots. This request has revealed to the company a new source of income, and one not wholly unimportant. Hitherto the skeletons of the numerous fowls it uses have been ground into fertilizer, but having discovered that there is a demand for "wishbones" to be used for various decorative and sentimental purposes, the Kansas City men think that by properly pushing the trade they can get more for this one bone than they have been receiving for all the rest.

Concerning the jarrah tree of Australia, which is largely used for street paving in London and other European cities, Sir John Forrest, of Australia, speaks thus: "The demand for our jarrah and karri timber in London and other large cities for paving shows that probably in a short time this will be one of our greatest items of export. All along the Southwestern Railway, the railway to Donnybrook, the railway to the Collie coalfields, and the railway to Bridgetown, splendid jarrah country exists. With these increasing railway facilities I look forward to a very large increase in this valuable export. I hope we will not leave it

to the citizens of London, Chicago and other places to use this wood for paving, but that in our own cities and towns we may see the municipal councils taking advantage of this wonderfully suitable product."

When the message of President Cleveland on the subject of Venezuela was published, Dec. 17, 1895, it was met with a powerful sneer by the London Times. That very able newspaper said that the suggestion was absurd. The very thought of arbitration was scouted. Said the Times: "Arbitrate the disputed territory in British Guiana? They might as well ask us to arbitrate the coast of Kent. After the Venezuelan agreement had been announced and described by Lord Salisbury the Times said: "England admits the principle that the United States may not only intervene in disputes with South American republics, but may entirely supersede the original disputant and assume exclusive control of the negotiations." This is a distinguished conversion, and it shows the force of American diplomacy. The newspaper which less than a year ago said that it would be as nonsensical to propose arbitration in regard to an English county as in regard to Guiana admits that Great Britain, in consenting to arbitration, concedes the entire claim of the United States relating to the Monroe doctrine and to the territorial rights of Venezuela.

It is a fact not generally known that the public executioners of Europe, even where the office does not pass from father to son, have an etiquette of their own, intermarry and are quite as exclusive in their limited circles as are the rulers of their respective countries. Mme. Deibler, who died the other day in Paris, besides being the wife of "Monsieur de Paris," the public executioner of France, was the daughter of M. Rasenouet, the executioner of Algeria, who, although 78 years of age, still exercises the functions of his office. M. and Mme. Deibler had lived since the execution of Vaillant and Henry in a little cottage in Anteul, Rue de Billancourt, for they were obliged to give up their house in Rue Vieq d'Azur owing to threats of the anarchists. She was a small, pretty woman, timid and retiring, and entertained only the official guests of her husband or his few personal friends. The French papers have said that she was a granddaughter of Samson, the executioner who guillotined Louis XVI. This is a mistake. Charles Henry Samson had only one grandchild, Henry, born in 1799, and made "Monsieur de Paris" in 1819. He was dismissed from office in 1849, charged, it is said, with having accepted bribes. He died in 1884. He wrote the famous "Mémoires des Samsons," which would be of infinite historical value had their author not been blessed with an inappropriate imagination.

England learned a great many things from the loss of her American colonies, but nothing more important than that colonies left to govern themselves, and interfered with only in the way of support and protection, are a source of strength to a nation, while colonies treated only as a source of revenue are a burden and a weakness. In Canada, in Australia, in South Africa, the English have established healthy commonwealths that would probably be lost to the home government if any modern ministry could be guilty of the blundering policy adopted toward the American colonies in the last century, but that keep to their allegiance now because it is mainly sentimental and imposes no burdens. And England profits greatly from them. India, on the other hand, the English have still regarded very much as it was regarded by the commercial adventurers who first took possession of it, as a source of wealth to be drained, rather than as a field to be cultivated. Now, when the country does not even produce enough to feed its own population, while the enormous cost of holding and administering it still increases, India is a weight on England's hands. But the great example of a false colonial policy is that of Spain. She lost her colonies in South Africa because she never did anything for them but rob them, and while she has held Cuba she has treated it only as a source of revenue. And now Cuba is impoverished and cannot be made to pay for the cost of maintaining Spanish rule, and Spain is likely to lose it altogether, if for no other reason than that she cannot afford to hold it. To the inability or unwillingness of Spain to learn the obvious lessons of history, we can easily trace the decline of her power and glory. England, on the other hand, has prospered by adapting her colonial policy to modern development. Whenever she has followed the Spanish plan of mere military occupation, she still has trouble ahead.

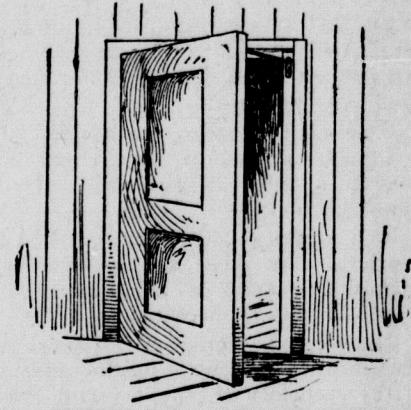
New York's Pauper Dead.
The graveyard of New York's unknown and pauper dead is Hart's Island, situated at the entrance to Long Island Sound, in the East river. Potter's field is only a few acres in extent, but it holds over 100,000 bodies, says a correspondent. There are about twenty interments made there every day in the year, and a constant stream of silent passengers flows from the morgue at the foot of Twenty-sixth street to this quiet resting place out in the river. No monuments record the virtues of the sleepers on Hart's Island, no flowers bloom on its graves; in fact, no graves are visible—only a flat expanse of sod that would never be green if its life depended upon the tears of mourners instead of the morning dew and the weeping clouds.

Cholly—"What you think, deah boy? That beastly tailor sent me a bill to-day, and it is a week until the 1st." Freddie—"I guess he was sending early to avoid the rush."—Up-to-Date.



Improved Pull for Doors.

The cut shows an improved way of using the card and wheel pull for doors. The door jamb is made very wide by nailing on a piece to the ordinary jamb. In this, insert a small pulley wheel at a slight angle, so that the rope will not pull so much across the edge of the wheel when the door is wide open. The weight runs up and down upon the back side of the jamb. The door should move easily so that as light a weight as possible may be used. Then the door will open easily, and yet pull with great promptness. With all inside barn and stable



DEVICE FOR CLOSING DOORS.

doors fixed in this way, much trouble, and often loss, will be avoided by cattle and other animals getting into forbidden quarters, because of doors carelessly left open.—Orange Judd Farmer.

A Sensible Suggestion.

The middle-aged woman, or one whose children have grown past the destructive age, should get the comfort there is in the pretty things which she has accumulated. She should not hoard her embroidered table decorations, keep her silver wrapped in cotton flannel bags or the sofa pillows put away for fear they will be worn out by use. Now is the time to enjoy them. If she thinks that it would be better to keep them for the children she should remember that when these things fall to their possession they will be out of date, but not antique enough to have any value beyond the sentimental one that "they were mother's." Most grown-up children take a pride in seeing their mother's home up to date; if they do not they certainly do not deserve a legacy of what might have made their mother's life more comfortable and more enjoyable.—Grange Homes.

Warning Water for Stock.

A plan for warming the water for stock during cold weather is shown in the engraving herewith. One end of the trough is partitioned off, and over a square opening in the partition is tightly fitted a galvanized iron box,



HOMEMADE WATER HEATER.

the water flowing freely out into this iron box. Under this iron box a small oil stove is placed, admission being had by means of a small door in the front of the trough. With a tight cover, the water in the trough can have the chill removed very easily. It is especially important to have the iron box low down in the trough as possible, so that the water at the bottom of the trough may be warmed, as well as that at the top. If possible, then, let the end compartment extend below the main body of the trough, so that the iron box may open into the lower part of the trough. As the water is heated, it will rise, and the colder water from the bottom be drawn in, to be heated in its turn.—American Agriculturist.

Watering Plants in Winter.

There is far more danger of giving house plants too much rather than too little water in winter. During the short days and long nights, with very little sunlight on the soil, it is hard to keep it at a temperature where the plants can grow vigorously. All the surplus water added lowers the temperature until it reaches a point where the plants barely exist without making any growth. If the soil has much vegetable matter, humic acid will be developed at a low temperature and this will poison the plant roots.

Saving Dry Road Dust.

One of the jobs which should be attended to before cold weather is to save a few barrels of dry road dust to be used as dust baths for hens in winter. Nothing contributes more to the health of hens than this. Coal ashes will answer, but they stick to the feathers of fowls worse than road dust will, and give the birds an unsightly appearance. The road dust is coarser, and we think the fowls like to roll in it better than in the white, fine dust that comes from sifting coal ashes.

Phosphate for Clover.

Whenever phosphate is sown with grain, a part of the fertilizer is always appropriated by the clover seed sown with it. Clover is a lime plant and it also needs the phosphoric acid that is so helpful to the wheat. The phosphate is especially valuable when applied to clover that is to produce a seed crop. Potash is also needed to make clover seed well, and should be applied in some form.

Origin of a Much-Quoted Saw.

The origin of "A fool and his money are soon parted" has not been ascertained with certainty, but the following story is sometimes told: "George Buchanan, tutor to James IV. of Scotland, made a bet with a courtier that he (Buchanan) could make a coarser verse than the courtier; Buchanan rose,

and picking up the courtier's money walked off with the remark, 'A fool and his money are soon parted.'—Ladies' Home Journal.

Telephone Wires and Lightning.

Telephone wires seem to have an important influence in preventing lightning from striking, according to the investigation of the German Telegraph Department. Three hundred and forty towns with telephone systems and 500 towns without them were under observation. In the former lightning struck three times for every hour of storm; in the latter five times. Moreover, the violence of the lightning was much less in the former cases.

exposed to fermentation. Timothy hay will not be dusty unless cut in the bloom, and the dust is not so injurious as that from partly decayed clover.

The Farm Mouser.

Mice are a great menace to the farmer's premises. They gather from the fields as autumn approaches, and build nests in stacks and under piles of rubbish and in every available place they can find shelter. These pests must be baffled in every way possible. A few good cats are about as successful mice exterminators as can be found. Some farmers try poison, and we have written many items recommending poison; telling farmers how to arrange them, and the poison box is still worth trying in the small fruit orchard, but experience proves that there is nothing so effective in ridding the farm of mice and keeping them away as a good cat or two. We have experimented with poison in many forms and have noted a partial success in the way of thinning out mice, but when the cat made its appearance, the mouse problem was soon solved. We unhesitatingly recommend keeping a cat or two on every farm.

Sweet Apples for Horses.

A quart or two of sweet apples per day for each horse will be worth more to it than the same bulk of oats additional to its regular ration of hay and grain. The apples are better than any kind of roots, and this year they are everywhere cheap and plenty. Sour apples are nearly as good, but the horses prefer the sweet apples when they can be had. In nutritive value there is very little difference. There is much sweet in what we call a "sour" apple, which is only called "sour" because an acid disguises the sweet it contains.

Handy Style of Wheelbarrow.

A deep wheelbarrow is more useful than one built on the old plan, because it will hold more, and the work of building such a barrow is not much greater. Any one who owns a wheel and irons belonging to an old wheelbarrow can easily construct one by first procuring two stout pieces for the shafts and mortising them together firmly just behind the wheel. The next mortise must come 2 inches from the ground on the legs at A. From this mortise the floor of the barrow must reach forward to B, where it is supported by two false legs mortised into the shafts and reaching within 2 inches of the ground. The sides may be solid from the floor up, or if preferred they may extend only to the top of the shafts, and from this point movable side boards may extend upward. The only disadvantage in having the body



BIG LOADS EASILY MOVED.

solid is in being forced to remove most of the load from between the handles. This wheelbarrow is especially useful in carting leaves, etc., and in handling heavy stones, which are loaded upon it with ease, because so near the ground. If one desires he may arrange a movable bottom, which will permit the load to be deposited without tipping by merely raising the handle.—Farm and Home.

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FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

For Fun at a Party.

When fun at the party lags start up and tell those present quite confidently that you can place a glass of water on the table so that no one can remove it without upsetting it. Of course, every one will say that you can't do it. Without waiting for explanations fill a glass to the brim and cover it with a piece of paper, which comes well over the edges. Leave the paper flat. Place the palm of the hand over it, and by a quick movement turn it upside down upon the table. Withdraw the paper gently. The water will remain in the glass, but no one can move the tumbler without spilling it. With a little practice any boy or girl can do this trick very easily.

Finding Where the Wind Is From.

How many of our boys and girls know how to find the direction of the wind? Of course, if it is blowing a gale any one could tell. But suppose only a gentle breeze is stirring—hardly enough to make the fickle weather-cock decide which way to point—then what would you do?

In such a case an old woodsman or hunter will thrust one finger into his mouth, wetting it well, and then hold it up in the air. The side which feels coldest shows which direction the wind comes from. The reason of this is plain. The more rapid movement of the air from one direction causes the moisture on that side of the finger to evaporate with great rapidity, thus giving the sensation of coolness. Try it and see.

Boys and Girls' Favorite Dogs.

Of all the different kinds of dogs, what is your favorite?

A vote was recently taken among over 1,000 boys and girls of Houston, Tex., as to their favorite dog. It is hardly surprising that 407 of the total number declared in favor of the gentle, knowing, beautiful shepherd dog, or collie. If you have among your friends a shaggy shepherd dog, you are fortunate, indeed. The Newfoundland, big, black and brave, came next, with 370 votes, and then the St. Bernard, with 170 votes. This shows that the young folk of Texas have a decided preference for large dogs. The fourth in favor was the rat terrier, with 99 votes; then the English mastiff, with 25 votes; the bulldog, with 7 votes; the common hound, with 5 votes; the Scotch terrier, with 4 votes; the pointer, with 3 votes; the common spaniel, the water spaniel and the pug, with 2 votes each, and the setter, bloodhound, bull terrier and greyhound, 1 vote each.

Where does the poodle come in, anyway? Perhaps he isn't a favorite in Texas.

<h3

CANINE FRIEND IN NEED.

How the Greyhound Rescued the Little Spaniel.

"Talk about the sagacity of dogs," remarked Jenkins as he scuriously surveyed the records of the good deeds done by canines in general. "Why, I saw something one day which beats the world—something which, in addition to proving the reasoning power of dogs, showed also that some of them at least possess a great capacity for affection for their own kind. A friend of mine up town owns several dogs, among the lot being a magnificent greyhound and a diminutive spaniel, the two dogs notwithstanding the disparity in size, being warm friends. One summer day the dog catcher wagon was making the rounds and, as usual, was missing the cues while corraling the animals which were all taken care of. It happened that my friend's front gate had been left open, and the two dogs mentioned escaped into the street just as the wagon turned the corner. There was a great cry on the part of the catchers, who grasped their nets and made a scramble for the little spaniel, not seeming to like the idea of tackling the big hound. The poor little spaniel realized her danger and attempted to escape. She flew like one possessed in every direction, only to be headed off by the men with the nets and a score of small boys. She finally halted, panting, in the middle of the street, and one of the men approached her with his net. It seemed that the little thing's doom was sealed.

"Suddenly there was a fierce bark, and the big greyhound came leaping into the crowd, scattering the small boys and compelling the catchers to take to the wagon. The hound reached the side of the spaniel and, taking in the situation, reached down, grasped his wee companion in his capacious mouth and was off down the street like a shot. He didn't stop for the gate, but with a great, graceful leap, was over the fence, and then, gently depositing the spaniel on the ground, stood wagging his tail, as if knowing that he had discomfited their enemies, while the spaniel gamboled and made the welkin ring with her shrill barks. If that wasn't a great thing, I don't know."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Noses.

It is a somewhat singular fact that the rarest of all noses is that found where one would naturally expect to find it—in the middle of the face. Taking 100 heads at random, one will not find, on an average, more than three in which the bridge of the nose descends perpendicularly from a straight line drawn exactly between the eyes.

Caged monkeys are tolerably certain to give an indication of coming bad weather, being then more ill natured and quarrelsome than at any other time.

FREE SILVER.

The coinage of silver might have been too free, but the free use of it in a small sum may be a very big investment with very sure and large profits. What it costs to buy a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil for the cure of rheumatism is within the reach of the poorest. It is the best investment in this line—best cure, and the profits are sure, because it will surely cure. This is so well known it is almost a maxim, and so much good will it do out of the free use of so little that a strong, active workman can be made out of a man who before may have been a helpless invalid or a hobbling cripple.

I believe my prompt use of Piso's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 12, '95.

Shattered nerves, weak strength, impaired digestion and inability to sleep all disappear when Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters is used.

Your grocer will sell you Schilling's Best tea, and return your money in full if you don't like it.

He is our agent to this extent; and we want no better business.

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RODS For tracing and locating Gold or Silver Ore, lost or hidden treasures. M. D. FOWLER, Box 337, Sontheim, Conn.

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Liebold Harness Co., 110 McAllister St., San Francisco. Buy your Harness at wholesale from the Manufacturers. Send for catalogue.

EVERYTHING you want, almost at 414-418 Front St., San Francisco. "Home Circle" free

Pacific Academy Academy Sciences Bldg., San Francisco, Commercial & English training. Virginia Patchett and Helen M. Curtis.

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BALLEY, PORTER & CO. Miners and Assayers. Dealers in Mining Properties. Refer. Selym Smelting & Co., 4154 Montgomery Street, S. F.

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FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK OR DON'T FEEL WELL. DR. SUNNY'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS are the One Thing to use.

ONLY ONE FOR A DOSE. Sold by Druggists and Chemists. Address Dr. Essance Med. Co., Phila., Pa.

21 Horse Power, \$105.00 discount for Cash.

HERCULES Gas & Gasoline Engine, MANUFACTURED BY Hercules Gas Engine Works, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Illustrated Catalogue Free.

SHEAR NO NONSENSE

The man whose nature 'tis to sigh
Can always find a reason;
Midst frost he says that coal's too high,
While warmth is out of season.

—Washington Star.

He—"Is anything wanting to make our happiness complete, my dear?"

She—"Yes; about fourteen yards of silk at \$6 a yard."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Poorly—"This 'ere wall'll fall down if ye don't fix it; th' cracks are enormous." Landlord—"All right. I'll have it papered at once."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Maud Muffett says that the age of chivalry has passed." "I guess she means she has passed the age when she may expect any."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mamma—"Johnny, I fear you were not at school yesterday." Johnny—"H'm! I'll bet the teacher told you. A woman never can keep a secret."—Boston Transcript.

Miriam—"Don't you think my new hat is a poem, Ned?" Ned (critically)—"From the height, dear, I should compare it instead to a short story!"—Spare Moments.

"Mabel has a lot of sense." "How does she show it?" "She never permits herself to appear more intelligent than the man who is talking to her."—Chicago Record.

Well-meaning man has seldom said The thing precisely that he ought; He slighted her dainty home-made bread And suavely flatters what she bought. —Washington Star.

Crawford—"How is it that the janitor of a flat is such an autocrat?" Grimes—"I suppose it's because whenever he goes he generally gets in on the ground floor."—Judge.

"I feel," said the clock that had ceased to tick, "like the victim of a bicycle collision." "How is that?" asked the watch. "Run down."—Philadelphia North American.

Commercial Traveler—This, I take it, must be a healthy country. Big Sodian—Healthy? I reckon! The last one of the Hatfields I tackled took fo' shots to fetch him.—Columbus Journal.

Mrs. Troubles—"When we were first married, Harry, you never uttered a complaint." Mr. T.—"When we were first married, Jane, I had cash enough to employ a cook."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

First Suburbanite—"That new cook I got yesterday was uneasy all the way out from town." Second Suburbanite—"What was the matter?" First Suburbanite—"I forgot to buy her a return ticket."—Judge.

Dobson—"Did old Money Bags take it good-naturedly when you asked him for the hand of his daughter?" Hobson—"Good-naturedly? Oh, yes; he said 'Ha, ha, ha!'"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Wheel and the world wheels with you; Walk and you walk alone;

'Ware lest sorcerer shall come up behind

And knock you as cold as a stone.

—Chicago Record.

"I am a plain man," said Bloughly, "and I believe in being practical. I love you, and I want you to be my wife." "Well," replied the fair one, "how much are you worth?"—Philadelphia North-American.

Mrs. Mimms—George, are you sure you locked up the house carefully? Mimms—By jove, I can't remember about the front door. Mrs. Mimms—Never mind the front door. How about the coal bin?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Going to do anything interesting this Thanksgiving, Babsy?" "Yes, I've persuaded my wife not to invite all our relatives to dinner, just to see if some of them won't have originality enough to invite us."—Chicago Record.

Papa Blunt—I like to argue with that young Tomlins. Sweetest Susan—I hope you find him logical, papa. "Why, my child?" "Because I think he's the logical candidate for your son-in-law, papa."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Freshly—Well, I captured a first prize at the horse show yesterday."

Sagely—Didn't know you had any animals entered. Freshly—I hadn't, but I proposed to Miss Cash and was accepted.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Marie—I suppose that your friend, the count, has become greatly attached here in New York during his stay. Nimms—No, he hasn't been as yet, altho' all his trunks have, his landlord tells me.—New York Evening Journal.

He—I thought you said your love for me was as strong as iron and as true as steel; pray, how do you account for your numerous flirtations? She—Well, you see, the iron and steel works have shut down for the present.—Up to Date.

Playwriter—What do you think of my new work? Critique—Great show, old fellow. Funniest thing I ever saw. Playwriter—Good heavens, man, it's a tragedy! Critique—Yes; I know it is.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The mother—Willie, I am sorry to learn that you ran your little wagon over one of the boys next door and hurt him. The urchin—it wasn't my fault. I told him to get out of the way. My wagon's got "United States Mail" painted on both sides of it, and it doesn't have to stop for nobody.—Chicago Tribune.

EFFECT OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES

They Have Done Much to Stimulate the Greeks.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin of France, to whom must be given the honor for the revival of the Olympic Games, has written a paper for the Century on "The Olympic Games of 1890." The article is accompanied by a number of striking illustrations of Andre Casigne. Baron Coubertin says:

It is interesting to ask oneself what is likely to be the results of the Olympic games of 1890, as regards both Greece and the rest of the world. In the case of Greece, the games will be found to have had a double effect, one athletic, the other political. It is a well-known fact that the Greeks have lost completely, during their centuries of oppression, the taste for physical sports. There were good walkers among the mountaineers, and good swimmers in the scattered villages along the coast. It was a matter of pride with the young palikar to write and to dance well, but that was because bravery and a gallant bearing were admired by those about him. Greek dances are still from athletic and wrestling-matches of peasants have none of the characteristic of true sports. The men of the town had come to know no diversion beyond reading the newspapers and violently discussing politics about the tables of the cafes.

The Greek race, however, is from the natural indolence of the Orient, and it was manifest that the athletic habit would, if the opportunity offered, easily take root again among its men. Indeed, several gymnastic associations had been formed in recent years at Athens and Patras, an a rowing-club at Piraeus, and the public was showing a growing interest in their feats. It was therefore a favorable moment to speak the words "Olympic Games." No sooner had been made clear that Athens was to aid in the revival of the Olympiad than a perfect fever of muscular activity broke out all over the kingdom. And this was nothing to what followed the games. I have seen, in little villages far from the capital, small boys scarcely out of long clothes, throwing big stones, or jumping improvised hurdles, and two urchins never met in the streets of Athens without running races.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the victors in the contests were received, on their return to their native towns, by their fellow-citizens. They were met by the mayor and municipal authorities, and cheered by a crowd bearing branches of wild olive and laurel. In ancient times the victors entered the city through a breach made expressly in its walls. The Greek cities are no longer walled in, but one may say that athletics have made a breach in the heart of the nation.

When one realizes the influence that the practice of physical exercises may have on the future of a country and on the force of a whole race, one is tempted to wonder whether Greece is not likely to date a new era from the year 1890. It would be curious indeed if athletics were to become one of the factors in the Eastern question! Who can tell whether, by bringing a notable increase of vigor to the inhabitants of the country, it may not hasten the solution of this thorny problem? These are hypotheses, and circumstances make light of such calculations at long range.

But a local and immediate consequence of the games may already be found in the internal politics of Greece. I have spoken of the active part taken by the crown prince and his brothers, Prince George and Prince Nicholas, in the labors of the organizing committee. It was the first time that the heir apparent had had an opportunity of thus coming into contact with his future subjects. They knew him to be patriotic and high-minded, but they did not know his other admirable and solid qualities. Prince Constantine inherits his fine blue eyes and fair coloring from his Danish ancestors, and his frank, open manner, his self-posse, and his mental lucidity come from the same source; but Greece has given him enthusiasm and ardor, and this happy combination of prudence and high spirit makes him especially adapted to govern the Helens. The authority, mingled with perfect liberality, with which he managed the committee, his exactitude in detail, and more particularly his quiet perseverance when those about him were inclined to hesitate and to lose courage, make it clear that his reign will be one of fruitful labor, which can only strengthen and enrich his country. The Greek people have now a better idea of the worth of their future sovereign; they have seen him at work, and have gained respect for and confidence in him.

Mr. E. D. Jenkins, of Lithonia, Ga., says that his daughter, Ida, inherited a severe case of Eczema, which the usual mercury and potash remedies failed to relieve. Year by year she was treated with various medicines, external applications and internal remedies, without result. Her sufferings were intense, and her condition grew steadily worse. All the so-called blood remedies did not seem to reach the disease at all until S. S. was given, when an improvement was noticed at once.

The medicine was continued with favorable results, and now she is cured sound and well, her skin is perfectly clear and pure and she has been saved from what threatened to blight her life forever.

S. S. (guaranteed really vegetable)

cures Eczema, Scrofula, Cancer, Rheumatism, or any other blood trouble.

It is a real blood remedy and always cures even after all else fails.

Vaccine Microbes.

Dr. Syme Thompson, in the course of a recent letter on vaccination in London, stated that during the past few weeks the microscopic appearance of vaccine had been carefully studied. Three different microbes had been described, and there was every reason to believe that one of them would prove to be the essential germ. It had also been found that an admixture of glycerin with the microbes morbi increased the potency of the vaccine, possibly by distributing the minute microbes.

Wise Physician.

First M. D.—Why do you forbid Rockwell to drink any more champagne?

Second M. D.—I wanted him to save up to pay my bill when I present it.—Washington Times.

Watering Trough.

An automatic watering trough never runs over because the valve is closed as soon as the trough is full, opening as the water is removed.

HOIT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

This school is located at Burlingame, San Mateo County, Cal., in charge of Irvin G. Hoit, Ph. D. It is accredited at the State and Stanford Universities, and is one of the best of its kind. Twelfth term begins January 4th, 1897.

Dilettante (very pressing): I should like so much to write for your newspaper. One side of the paper has to be blank, hasn't it? Editor—No, both!

FORTUNE SEEKING EMIGRANTS.

Many a poor family that seeks the western world in the hope of finding fortune is persecuted by the institution of the emigrant and frontierman chills and fever—Hostetter's stomach Bitters. So effectively does this incomparable medicinal defense fortify the system against the combined influence of a malignant climate and an unwholesome state, that, protected by it, the pioneer, the miner or the tourist provided with it, may safely encounter the danger.

"Give me two whole tippets and von hell von." "You'll need three—children only are half price." "Dorf's all right, young feller: der old lady is in her second childhood."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County of Lucas, State of Ohio, that he will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

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THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at Baden, Cal., as
second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance \$2.00
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1895.

CHEAP MILK.

The San Francisco press and the San Francisco Board of Health have been so much occupied and absorbed with their fight to prevent milk adulteration, that they have apparently overlooked another very important phase of the milk question. The city milk inspectors, armed with the Babcock tester, and backed by the Board of Health, the law and an aroused public opinion, have succeeded in putting an end to the adulteration of the city's milk supply.

Inspection has allayed suspicion, and inspired confidence, and thus the caution common to purchasers and consumers is no longer exercised; the public taking it for granted that milk which has passed the butter-fat test must be good, pure, and fit for use, buy indiscriminately and where they can buy cheapest.

The evil we refer to, and it is one difficult to reach, one which the present method of milk inspection does not and cannot correct, lurks in the cheap milk now being put upon the San Francisco market. It is a fact that large quantities of milk are daily sold in San Francisco at a price below that at which a pure and wholesome article can be produced by the long established large first-class dairies of San Mateo county.

A glance at the reports of the San Mateo County Board of Health, or a tour among the ranches, will make manifest to any one the fact that there are in San Mateo county dairies—and dairies.

There are, in this county, dairies which have no superiors anywhere; dairies which have made the name of San Mateo county synonymous with all that is best in the line of dairy products; these are the old, well-known, well-equipped dairies, owned by men who take pride in and have made money by delivering milk direct to families in the city; milk, which, as far as human intelligence, skill and endeavor can make it so, is absolutely pure, perfect and wholesome.

Upon these dairies the stock has been selected and bred to a high degree of perfection; the barns and buildings are all first-class and provided with the best and most improved appliances, and arranged and kept with a strict regard to cleanliness and modern sanitary conditions; the herd is gone over carefully every day by an experienced man, and cows which show any symptoms of enfeeblement or disease are culled out and removed; and last, only food of the very best quality, consisting of hay and mill stuffs, is used.

In striking contrast with these old reputable standard establishments, are the dairies which furnish what is known in the trade as "cheap" milk. These latter concerns are comparatively new and, for the most part, the product of hard times. They are generally owned by partners (usually Portuguese) sufficient in number to do all, or most, of the work, and possessed of barely enough capital with which to buy the requisite number of cows. The business is carried on upon rented land and in rickety old buildings, arranged without any regard whatever to sanitary conditions or the proper handling of either the cows or the milk. The cows are usually of the poorest kind, being in many instances those that have been condemned and discarded by the larger dairies as unhealthy or unfit to be milked; and, in case these animals can be kept out of sight when the Health Inspector is around, they are kept and milked until they die of disease. In the way of food a little bran or hay is given daily, but the great bulk of the ration is made up of such watery and unsubstantial provender as beets, pumpkins, turnips, etc. This kind of food produces a large flow of milk—of cheap milk, but at the expense of the vigor and vitality of the cow. Under this treatment the cow becomes enfeebled, and her milk, while pure according to the Babcock test, is unfit for use.

Milk from this class of dairies is produced and sold to city retailers very cheap. The retailer paints a high-sounding name on his wagon and sells pure country milk at a price with which reputable and reliable dairymen and dealers cannot compete. This cheap milk passes as pure under the Babcock test, but God pity the babies, who, by reason of the almost criminal economy of parents, are compelled to subsist upon it.

The inspection of milk now entering San Francisco by butter-fat test, has stopped adulteration, but with regard to the vital and essential point, that of healthfulness, the only safe and sure plan for consumers is to buy milk direct from some one of the large, old established and reputable dairies of San Mateo county.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Once more we greet our readers, and with them hail and welcome the annual return of that glad and joyous season, which, in the full sense and true spirit of a familiar phrase, "makes all the world akin."

Since the morn when the angels proclaimed to wondering shepherds upon the plains of Judea "glad tidings of great joy," and the wise men of the East followed the star until it stood still over the stable of Bethlehem, and "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man have come to be the true law and life and light of all the world.

God is our Father, every man is our neighbor, and all our neighbors are our brothers; therefore, gentle readers, kind friends, and neighbors, let us all, in the true spirit of the Gospel of love and of this beneficent season, remember in our joy and pleasure, the poor and needy, the sick and the unfortunate, and the words of Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

POSTMASTERS ORGANIZE.

A convention of the fourth-class postmasters of the State was held in Oakland on the 6th instant, at which the California Branch of the National League of Fourth-Class Postmasters was organized. The following named fourth-class postmasters were elected officers of the California branch to serve for one year, or until their successors are elected and qualified, viz., F. T. Dusterberry, Centerville, president; E. E. Cunningham, Baden, vice-president; John M. Breen, Lorin, secretary; and J. C. Carr, Pleasanton, treasurer. Executive Committee—H. K. Wirtzel, Oceanside, San Diego county; John W. Guy, Concord, Contra Costa county; W. A. Slites, Geyerville, Sonoma county; Miss M. E. Burdick, Temescal, Alameda county; and J. Steen, Felton, Santa Cruz county. The object of the League is to organize the postmasters into one harmonious body for mutual protection, and to promote efficiency in the postal service.

We invite the attention of our readers to articles in this issue under the head of "Press Notes," upon the subject of water transportation and the exemption of ocean-going ships from local taxation. These articles are sound, sensible and timely, and reflect the views of the San Francisco Committee on Commerce, a body which is representative of nearly every important interest and industry of the State of California.

The importance of the water route to California producers and consumers can hardly be overestimated, and is so self-evident that a statement of its merits and advantages seems superfluous. Nothing should be left undone to foster and extend transportation by water. Compulsory pilotage and excessive tolls should be abolished and the broad liberal laws of New York, exempting ocean-going vessels from taxation should be adopted by California.

CALIFORNIA IN THE CABINET.

The Republican members of the Congressional delegation from this State have agreed unanimously to recommend Hon. Horace Davis for a place in President McKinley's Cabinet.

This action of the delegation should be approved and supported by the press and people without a single dissenting voice, and we do not hesitate to add without regard to party.

C. D. Lane, chairman of the National silver party, advises the members of his party to cease beating the free silver tom-tom, and to lend full and cheerful support to the efforts of the incoming Republican Administration towards restoring confidence and prosperity to our common country. If Mr. Lane's party is as wise and patriotic as its chairman, this timely and sensible advice will be accepted.

THE USE OF BURRS.

They Carry the Seeds of Plants Away from the Parent Stem.

After a stroll afield, in the fall, one is apt to wonder, as he works away at the burrs that cover his clothes, what use they can possibly be. Burrs are a great nuisance to men and animals; but the plants they grow on find them very serviceable, for they are simple fruits covered with spines or prickles; and this is only another way plants have to distribute their seeds. That it is a scheme that works well any one can see who has a hunting dog, and keeps it in his yard. In the spring fine crops of Spanish needles and clot-burrs come up as if by magic, where there were none before. They have grown from the burrs the dog brought home in his coat the autumn before. Around woolen mills in New England plants from the West spring up in a mysterious way, and nearly always these have burr fruits. They have grown from the burrs taken from the fleece of sheep, in cleaning, and thrown out as waste. Some troublesome weeds have been introduced in this manner. On the prairies there are many plants with this kind of fruit. In former days, when great herds of buffalo roamed the plains, their hair caught up these burrs, which thus stole long rides, like the tramps they are. Even now, in old buffalo wallows plants are found that do not grow elsewhere in the country round.

Some burrs, like Spanish needles, have only three or four slender spines, or awns, as they are called, at the summit of the fruit. If we look at them through a magnifying glass, we find them bearing sharp, downward pointing barbs, like that of a fish hook. The sand spur, an ill weed that grows on sea beaches and sandy river banks, has burrs covered with such spines. The boy who has stepped on sand spurs with his bare feet knows this to his sorrow. The tiny barbs go in easily, but every attempt to draw them out makes them tear to the flesh.

Often the spines or bristles are hooked instead of being barbed. The clot-burr, or cockle-burr, that grows abundantly in waste ground, and the agimony of our woods, are examples. Burdock has such hooked prickles on its fruits, and they stick so fast together that children make of them neat little baskets, handles and all. The tick-trefoil has jointed pods, covered thickly with small hooked hairs that can hardly be seen without a magnifying glass. These are the small, flat, brown burrs that cover the clothing after a walk through the woods in September. They are most annoying burrs, worse than clot-burrs, they are so small and stick so fast.—"How Plants Spread," St. Nicholas.

Needles.

The needle is one of the most ancient instruments of which we have any record. The first account that history gives of the manufacture of needles is that they were made at Nuremberg in 1730; and, while the date of their first manufacture in England is in doubt, it is said to have commenced in that country about 1543 or 1545, and it is asserted that the art was practiced by a Spanish negro or native of India, who died without disclosing the secret of his process. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth this industry was revived, and has been continued ever since. Christopher Greening and a Mr. Damer established needle factories at Long Crendon, near Redditch, in England, in 1650, and these were soon followed by other London needle makers. Redditch is still the center of English needle manufacture. The eyes of the earliest needles were square. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to bring out the so-called "drill-eyed" needles before they were finally introduced in 1826. Two years later the burnishing machine in which the eyes of needles are polished was completed. In this machine the needles are strung on a steel wire which is caused to revolve rapidly, and thereby impart a beautiful finish to the eye.

Fashionable Corn Husking.

For several winters the National Society of New England Women has been reviving one old custom from the land of steady habits, and it is under the auspices of the members of this organization that the "corn huskings" will take place. Last winter an old-fashioned "quilting bee" was given by the society at the Hotel Majestic, and the great success of that affair led the members to hit upon the idea of imitating the "huskings" of their grandfathers and grandmothers' time. All of the plans for this unique entertainment have not yet been completed, but enough is known to warrant the statement that the Waldorf "husking bee" will exhibit a curious admixture of the backwoods and the highest refinements of society.—New York Letter.

A Rare Dollar.

There are two stories regarding the rarity of the silver dollar of 1804, the most generally accepted being the one which accounts for the scarcity by saying that they were sent to Africa to pay the soldiers engaged in war between this country and Tripoli. There were only 19,570 of them coined. Another version of the story which accounts for their rarity is that a vessel bound to China with almost the entire mintage of that year was lost. The former story appears to be the most likely explanation.

Pruyn—How did the Fat Woman and Living Skeleton come to marry? Phreques—Well, you see he said that he just doted on Junoesque women, and she declared that her affinity must be spiritual—Puck.

We are all equally guilty of putting our largest gifts in the places where they will attract most attention.

WM. NEFF,

Billiard

AND

Pool Room

Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

SAN BRUNO AVE., - NEAR GRAND.

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GREEN VALLEY

MEAT MARKET.

G. E. DANIEL.

Wagon will call at your door with choicest of all kinds of fresh and smoked meats.

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ON HAND AND MADE TO ORDER.

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New Building.

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OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner - Grand - and - Linden - Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOCAL NOTES.

"Merry Christmas!"
Next week the holidays.
The new church is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."
Land Agent Martin celebrated his wedding anniversary this week.
The Jersey Farm has just received by vessel another cargo of grain.
Don't go abroad to buy holiday goods when you can get them at home.
Mr. Smith has kindly donated his services as care-taker of the new church.

J. B. Wales left on Tuesday for the National Soldiers' Home, at Santa Monica.

Rev. George Wallace will hold services at Grace Church, on Sunday (tomorrow), at 11 o'clock a.m.

Wm. Rehberg has purchased the thoroughbred equine, known as Wild Bill among the stock yards employees.

W. T. Rush has leased one of the Tilton cottages as a residence and removed his family from the city to this place.

S. L. Akim left on Saturday last for Arizona, whither he has gone to purchase cattle for the Western Meat Company.

Mr. and Mrs. James Crowe, of Redwood City, were present at the consecration of our new church building last Sunday.

Which one of the boys was it that dropped his nickel in a letter box in payment of his car fare during a recent visit to the city?

Quite a party of gentlemen, in company with Land Agent Martin, were looking over the factory sites in our town last Thursday morning.

Wm. Rehberg moved the Hooper & Co. building from the lumber yard to Mr. Gaerdes' lot last week and Mr. Gaerdes is now occupying it as a residence.

The volunteer choir of Grace Church, under the leadership of Mr. H. B. Maggs, will meet regularly for choir practice at the church on Friday evening of each week, at 7:45 p.m.

Don't forget to get your orders in for suits before Christmas, at E Davis & Son. Big bargains for little money. Now is the time to order. Suits to order from \$12 up; pants to order from \$3 up.

Mr. Fly, the Colma contractor, is raising the corner of the Merriam Block, which, by reason of a defective foundation has settled several inches at its southeast corner, threatening the stability of the structure.

The boys say Frenchy is still looking for those stray bottles of beer and threatens to make it warm for Constable Desirillo in case that officer does not either produce the beer or find the fellow who got away with the stuff.

Peter Kelly has sold his Call route to J. Halligan, who has this route for the Chronicle and Examiner, and will hereafter supply the three San Francisco morning dailies to patrons of those papers from Ocean View to this place.

The public school was closed for the holiday vacation on Friday of last week. Miss Flora B. Smith, principal, will spend the holiday at her home in Santa Cruz, and Miss Kate McNamara, assistant, with family friends at Redwood City.

We are requested by the peace officers of this Township to give notice in our columns to the saloon-keepers of our town, that hereafter the provisions of the county ordinance requiring all saloons and places where liquor is sold, to close at 11 o'clock p.m., will be strictly enforced.

Those half dozen quail sent to the Enterprise sanctum on Friday of last week by our esteemed young friend, Martin Raab, were fine birds. Martin and our worthy constable, Fred Desirillo, were out early on Friday morning, and we understand each came back with a bag full of birds.

This is the season for tree planting. The sooner trees are transplanted now the better. Trees are the one thing needed to make this a pleasant and desirable place for homes. The cost of putting them out is not great. Every one who owns a bit of ground can enhance its value in no other way so quickly and effectively as by putting out trees. Every cross street should be lined with them. Will not some one start this needed improvement before the best part of the season is passed and gone?

On Tuesday, December 15, a number of the young men of our town met at the store of E. Davis & Son, in the Merriam Block, and perfected the organization of a social club. The club then and there organized has taken the name of, and will be known as, "The Baden Social Club." The object of the club's founders is to bring young men together for their mutual benefit and to promote among its members literary, social and physical culture. The following are the names of the young gentlemen who have founded and organized this club, viz.: W. F. Noell, M. Davis, A. Coombes, H. Werner, C. Osborne, E. Graham, E. Brown, C. Vandembos, F. Loomis, W. Card, W. Condon, T. McGrath, and J. Huber. This is a good move and we suggest that a club reading-room will add greatly to the attractiveness of such a club and materially strengthen it.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Grace Church Sunday-school will have a Christmas tree. The Committee on Arrangements will meet tomorrow and decide when and where the Christmas festival will be held. George Kneese has kindly offered the use of Pioneer Hall for this purpose, and the probabilities are that the Christmas tree will be fitted up in the same place it was last year.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Last Sunday afternoon, at 4 p.m., the new church was consecrated and dedicated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Nichols, Episcopal bishop of California, and christened as Grace Church of South San Francisco.

Long before the hour of holding the services, the beautiful little building was crowded to the doors, many being unable to gain entrance.

Many visitors from San Francisco, Redwood City, and San Mateo were present, and pronounced our little church the handsomest by all odds of any church building of its size in San Mateo county, and many were the compliments bestowed for the enterprise shown by our citizens in building so handsome a structure, and paying for it in spot cash.

At 4 o'clock Right Rev. Bishop Nichols, accompanied by Rev. George Wallace, advanced up the center aisle of the church reading preliminary dedication services of the Episcopal church, after which Mr. W. J. Martin advanced to the chancel, and addressing the bishop, read the request for dedication signed by Rev. George Wallace, chairman of the Subscription Committee; Mr. Herbert B. Maggs, secretary of the Church Building Committee, and Mr. E. E. Cunningham, vice-president of the Church Building Society. After reading the request for dedication, Mr. Martin delivered to the bishop the deed to the property, after which Mr. Maggs, architect, who designed and superintended the erection of the church, handed over the keys to the bishop.

The services following were most impressive, and the bishop's sermon eloquent, and left a deep impression on his hearers. He complimented the congregation in building a house of worship handsomer than any house belonging to any of its members.

The choir, composed entirely of local talent, under the leadership of Mr. H. B. Maggs, was a surprise to everyone. Many of its members being old choir singers, the rendition of the anthems, hymns, and psalms were simply perfect.

The offering was another feature of the services and showed the spirit and character of the congregation, \$76.50 being the amount received.

Miss Eleanor Wallace and Miss Hilda Johnson were confirmed. The bishop's remarks to the new communicants who entered the church on the day of its consecration were touching. After the regular services of dedication communion services followed, and the new church was fairly started on its mission of Christian work.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Roll of honor of San Bruno school for the month ending December 11, '96:

Sixth Grade—Ellen Coll, Maggie Kaufmann, Ethel Kofoed, Ruth Morgan, Eddie Kaufmann, George Kneese, Robbie Silva, Charlie Willin.

Fourth Grade—Hannah Cohen, Nellie Collins, Nellie Dann, Luvina Jenevine, Jane McBearty, Leland Kofoed, Oscar Swanson.

Third Grade—Carolina Nessier, Jennie O'Donnell.

Second Grade—Eva Russi, Kenneth McLennan, Jack Martin, George Kaufmann, Jimmie Morgan.

First Grade—Lizzie Lachele, Harry Hale, Marion Miner, Herman Swanson, Patsy Coll, Robert Nessier.

Kill of Dishonor—Fred Russi.

The primary grade has won the flag for best attendance.

Pupils not absent during the term—Charlie Willin, Eddie Kaufmann, Katie Morgan, Ruth Morgan, Jennie O'Donnell, Jimmie Morgan, Eva Russi, George Kaufmann, Jack Martin.

PRESS NOTES.

SAN MATEO BOARD HUNTING EVIDENCE.

Suspicious of Creely and His Operations.

SECRETARY MARTIN TALKS.

Grand Jury Will Be Asked to Look Into the Matter of Testing Cattle.

The complaint made yesterday to the local Health Board as to the operations of Dr. E. J. Creely and Ed Goodspeed, son of the San Mateo Health Officer, among the dairymen and herds of the adjoining county, has made not a little stir among the milkmen and those interested in enforcing the pure food regulations.

Creely denied yesterday with much vigor that he had been doing anything wrong and resented hotly what he thought was a reflection upon his character. He denied that he had ever offered or proposed to inject into a suspected animal a preparation which would make the animal proof against the official test for tuberculosis. That he had employed the younger Goodspeed and had been associated with him in the cow-testing business he freely admitted, but that there was anything reprehensible or suspicious in their association he denied.

Quite another view of the matter is taken by the San Mateo Health Board. Its secretary, W. J. Martin, was in San Francisco yesterday.

"I am very glad to see this matter brought up," he said. "Some time ago our Board of Health received in-

formation about the doings of Creely and his assistant, Ed Goodspeed, and it made a most thorough investigation, the result of which was finding that Dr. Goodspeed, the Health Officer, was not responsible for the acts of his son. His son is 34 years of age, and is not on friendly terms with his father. As yet we have found nothing to implicate Dr. Goodspeed in any manner.

"We brought the matter before the Supervisors and the subject is at present being investigated by them. In case no one brings it to the attention of the Grand Jury the San Mateo Board of Health will certainly do so.

"We have taken particular pains to see that all the requirements of the Government with reference to the use of tuberculin are carried out by our inspector. A letter from D. E. Salmon, the Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, will show that we have lived up to the requirements. He wrote to our Board under date of November 4th: 'The reports of tuberculin tests enclosed with your letter of the 28th ult. have been received and placed on file. They appear to be made out correctly and in accordance with the requirements of this bureau.'

"We have been endeavoring to the extent of our authority to carry out the requirements of the San Francisco Board of Health. We are meeting with the same difficulty the San Francisco Board of Health had to contend with in the slaughter of condemned animals, and we have been advised by the District Attorney that we have no legal authority to kill them, which compels us to confine our operations in the use of tuberculin to such dairies as permit us to live up to the strict requirements of the Government. Many dairymen permit us to make the tests and to kill wherever we find the disease. We are, however, in our county enforcing the strictest sanitary regulations in all dairies, regardless of size.

"We have received communications from Oakland to the effect that Dr. Creely and Goodspeed have clashed with the Alameda County Board of Health in trying to carry out in that county the plan which they have apparently been operating in San Mateo county. I am informed that the Alameda county authorities intend to press the matter against them.

"I have already investigated the question as to whether any antidote could be administered to cattle to prevent the tuberculin test from reacting. I was told by Major Henry E. Alvord when he was here and also by Mr. Godchaux, secretary of the San Francisco Board of Health, that there is no antidote, and that the test is infallible in all cases.

"I believe Dr. Goodspeed, our inspector, is entirely innocent of any crooked work. In answer to the statement that herds previously tested by Creely and young Goodspeed are given a clean bill of health, while those not tested by them are condemned, I will say that we do not know this to be a fact. It is a matter for investigation, and it will be investigated. If it is found to be true, and if it is learned that our inspector has been guilty of any crooked work he will be dismissed.

"We believe the Chronicle is touching the right spot when it exposes Creely and his methods. We are compelled to await legislation broadening our powers. Even the San Francisco Board of Health was compelled to desist from its vigorous onslaught because it had no legal authority. In all cases where tests have been made by us we have compelled the owners of diseased cattle to either kill or isolate them. Diseased cattle are branded with a 'C' showing them to have been condemned. The owner may do what he pleases with them, but he cannot sell the milk. We are showing no favor to either large or small dairy-men. All are being treated alike. What is needed is legislation enabling us to enforce to the letter the Government's requirements."—S. F. Chronicle.

EXEMPT AMERICAN SHIPS.

On the subject of taxation of ocean commerce two questions confront the State legislator. First, has the State a legal right under the United States Constitution to levy such taxes? This question has been decided both ways, and later on I will give some of the most clear-cut decisions. Second, is it politic to levy such taxes, if the State has the right? Would public policy suggest that not only while at home, but while sailing the seas or resting in the ports of other nations, these mighty agencies of National and State prosperity, that are always contributing to the common good and taking none of the public funds, should be taxed simply because they exist? Surely not although such is the practice in California, and the practice drives shipping to register in other States where no taxes are laid on this class of property.

Our assessors simply assess in compliance with statute law all vessels registered or enrolled at the Custom House on the first Monday in March. A vessel may not enter a California port for two years but she is taxed just the same for State, city, and county purposes, although she can derive no benefit from these taxes, which are all expended on shore and in the direct interests of landed property and property-holders. I might claim and be able to substantiate the claim, that the State, city, and county have neither moral nor legal right to levy taxes on ocean-going ships, but of that point later.

The most unjust feature of State taxation is the unfair position in which we thoughtlessly place American vessels, for they must necessarily compete in the carrying trade with foreign owned ships, and in this day of enlightened legislation no other prominent nation taxes ships. This, then, is unquestioned discrimination of which we are guilty: our own good merchant marine is the victim, and this taxing

discrimination is one of the means by which we are gradually exterminating American commerce and humiliating the American people.

But, to return for a moment to our State taxes. We have laws that authorize the taxation of all personal or movable property "found in the State on the first Monday of March each year." Money, merchandise, household goods, cattle, sheep, railroad cars, and many other items may be moved across the State line just previous to that date (and we have heard that such things are done, and evade the tax entirely). The ship may be away practically all the time, but if registered as the law requires her to be, there is no escape for her. This is simply incidental, as showing the injustice of such a law as between classes of property, but the broad principle that we are discussing is: Shall we tax our ships that must compete with untaxed foreign ships, and thus continue the present supremacy of foreign commerce in our trade? Who says "Yes?" Surely not an American.—S. F. Committee on Commerce.

THE WATER ROUTE.

Productions of California, which must seek a foreign market, do so naturally by the cheapest route, water. It is a matter of grave importance to the people of the entire State that as large an amount of goods be shipped away as possible, because by this method; the selling of our products, and this alone, can we expect to attract money to our coffers. If it is demonstrated that it pays to cultivate the soil in California, then our lands will be sought after; we will have more farmers, more shipping and consequently more business for everybody. This means that agriculture, horticulture and all other farming pursuits must be encouraged if we wish to prosper as a people.

How shall this be done? First, we must secure for our goods the cheapest possible water transportation in order that the net return may be sufficient to give to the legitimate farmer fair remuneration for his labor and investment.

This done and we have opened the markets of the world to our people, especially to those who are enabled to reach the sea board at a moderate cost. The cheapest water transportation will be provided by the people of California themselves if they will give every possible encouragement to owners of ships to induce them to make and afford to provide low rates of freight to foreign ports. Unusual, unnecessary and excessive burdens exacted by authority of State laws, must be removed from our shipping as a first move. This can be accomplished through the State Legislature at the proper time if the voters will give it their moral support when asked.—S. F. Committee on Commerce.

THE SPRAYING SEASON.

The season for the most effective work in fighting orchard pests on deciduous trees is now with us, and all owners of trees are advised to pursue the work at once and effectively for their own good and the public welfare. Destroy all pruning, as these if left form a harbor for insects. After pruning spray thoroughly with the following mixture: Unslacked lime, 40 pounds; sulphur, 20 pounds; stock salt, 15 pounds; water to make 60 gallons. Place 10 pounds of the lime and the 20 pounds of sulphur in boiler, with 20 gallons of water, and boil over a brisk fire for not less than an hour and half, or until the sulphur has been completely absorbed. The mixture will then be of an amber color. Place in a cask 30 pounds of unslacked lime, and pour over it enough hot water to thoroughly slack it; while it is boiling add the salt. When the salt is dissolved pour the whole into the boiler with the lime and sulphur; boil for another half hour, and add water sufficient to make 60 gallons.

If this wash is properly applied it will be found effective against scale insects on deciduous trees and a preventive of fungus, etc. It can be applied at any time while the trees are dormant, and its work will be done as soon as it touches the trees, so it does not matter if rains come soon after and wash off the mixture.

John Isaac, Horticultural Commissioner.

INDIAN CITIZENSHIP.

The following unique letter was received and printed by the East Oregonian a few days since, and has a bearing on Judge Bellinger's recent decision effecting Indian citizenship.

"Mr. newspaper man—Me poor old klootchman and no much understand what good make inglin sittyon. One time my husband, he very good man, fetch plenty deer meat, catch plenty fish, and papoose all fat. Now, Judge Bellyginner he appertise in papers all inglin sittyon. My husband, he go to town, me get meat, no get anything only whisky. He come home, throw blanket in fire, hit papoose on head, kick klootchman in stumacke and say: 'Whoop! mi sittyon, by God, hoorah for Judge Bellyginner.' Klootchman no much like inglin sittyon and wants katch deffore and marry inglin who not sittyon. You noospaper man, we want you tell big inglin father in Washington he make inglin sittyon no more or he kill inglin and papoose too."

"Klootchman."

A bold attempt was made by some of the worst inmates of the State Industrial School at Ogden, Utah. A number of boys, while in the basement, dug a hole in the plaster of the ceiling directly under the kitchen. This was stuffed with paper soaked in kerosene quickly burned a hole in the kitchen floor above, and were immediately discovered. The flames were quickly sub-

A CASE OF TELEPATHY.

One Lady Appeared in a Vision at the Time of Her Death.

A gentleman took a house in Ireland for six months and was accompanied thither by his wife and daughters. The house was furnished and had plenty of bedrooms. Therefore it was decided not to use a certain large long room with cupboards along one side (which had all been locked and sealed up with tape) in which things belonging to the owners of the house had been put away. One evening one of the daughters, going to her room, saw an old lady wrapped in a shawl walking along the passage in front of her. The old lady appeared to know her way and hurried on without hesitation into the unused room. The girl called her sister, and they followed the dame into the room. But all was silent. No one was there. The dust lying about showed no signs of footprints.

Shortly after the same young lady was reading on the hearth rug by firelight. Looking up, she beheld the old lady standing in the doorway watching her. Greatly frightened, she sprang up, and, rushing down stairs, was found fainting at the drawing room door. At last the family returned to Dublin. One day when a friend was calling the curious incident which I have narrated was referred to. The young lady very unwillingly told her experiences. The visitor seemed much struck and asked for an accurate description of the old lady.

"For," said she, "that house belonged to two old ladies, sisters, and when they let their house they went to reside at Geneva. One of them, answering exactly to the description you have given, died at the time you saw her appear." —Realism.

Strange Beginning of a Friendship.

I remember the anecdote my stepfather, Count d'Aure, who entered La Fleche before the regulation age of 8, used to tell me. It was the first time he had left his mother, and he was somewhat bewildered by the roughness of his comrades, who affected the airs of old troopers. To make sure that he was not a milksop, one of them, a veteran of 12, made him lay his hand flat on the ground, stepped on it and crushed one of his fingers. This tormentor was the future General Baraguay d'Billiers. The victim, who nearly fainted, bore it bravely, however. "And this was the beginning," my stepfather used to add half a century later, when showing his deformed finger, "of a friendship that lasted all our lives." This happened shortly after the first empire, when Roman virtues were emulated, but one must not infer from this isolated fact that stoicism flourishes vigorously in the French educational system.—Th. Bentzon in Century.

MARKET REPORT.

INTERRUPTED.

I have sat for an hour at my table
And tried to get on with my work;
There's a poem to finish—a fable
About the unspeakable Turk.
It ought to be put to the minute,
A fortunate mixture of fun,
With a spice of the serious in it—
But I can't get it done.

My thoughts are all thronging and fighting,
I feel them at work in my brain,
But as soon as I want to be writing
They down they are vanished again;

Gone—hidden, like mites in a Stilton
Or needles in trusses of hay;
I wonder if Shakespeare or Milton
Were bothered that way.

Oh, for one ray of light to illuminate
The fancy and warm it to life!
Just a chat with a friend, and the gloom
in

My heart would be gone. As the fife
Urges on the young soldier to battle
When he would be skulking, or worse,
So Jones' agreeable rattle
Compels me to verse.

There's a footprint! I wonder now, is it
The postman, a client, a dun,
Or some fool come to pay me a visit,
Just when I had fairly begun!

'Tis my door he is thumping on, drat it!

I suppose I must go. Sure as fate
Here's Jones with his gossip. "Hard at
it?"

Well! verses must wait.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

"MRS. COLONEL CLITHEROE."

"Mrs. Colonel Clitheroe." And with the utterance of those words the brown eyes seemed to laugh at their own reflection in the mirror, and as the prettily curved lips parted they showed the perfect teeth. "Do I look it, John? Do I? For I am intensely anxious as to the effect which I shall produce on your friends and neighbors."

The gray-haired handsome husband shook his head with a smile.

"Hardly, I am afraid, Rose. A casual observer would be more likely to think you were a young lady spending the holidays with her grandfather. Fortunately, however, the residents in these parts know who you are. I expect they will muster pretty strong at church this morning to get a good stare at you."

Rose Clitheroe took her husband's arm as they passed through the gateway of the priory. The Colonel had inherited the property from an uncle not long before his marriage.

"It looks more matronly to take your arm, John," she said, laughing. But then her mood changed and she looked grave, adding:

"I do really feel nervous. I don't want these people who have known you all your life to say I am too young and too giddy, and too altogether unworthy to be your wife! Do you think they will be prejudiced against me by my appearance? I chose a bonnet and this long sealskin coat because they make me older than the hat and jacket."

"Don't be anxious, child," and the Colonel pressed the hand which rested on his arm. "Unless people are hopelessly stupid and short-sighted they must see at a glance that you are the most charming of young women and I am the most fortunate of men, and blessed together beyond my deserts. But whatever they think and whatever they say, the fact remains that we are entirely satisfied with each other."

"I am more than satisfied," and Rose spoke emphatically. "I often wonder why such happiness should come to me when so many women are miserably married."

It was rather a romantic little story, as things go in these prosaic times, that story of how Rose Dysart became Mrs. Colonel Clitheroe when she was 18 and he was 46.

Rose declared that she had been in love with him all her life. Certainly at 2 years old she had been in the habit of assuring him, "Rosie'll marry you when she's big," whereupon he always answered, "All right, little woman, I'll wait for you."

The child's passionate devotion to the handsome officer was quite an amusement to her parents. But when his regiment was ordered off to India, and they saw the little face grow white and thin, and heard her heartbroken sobs, they laughed no longer. Even after she ceased to cry for "Rosie's colonel" she never forgot him.

The pretty baby had grown to a tall, slim girl of 13 when these two friends met again. By that time Rose Dysart was a pupil at a small and select boarding school in the environs of Paris, and on one of the frequent visits which her father and mother paid to their darling they came, by chance, across Colonel Clitheroe, who also was spending a few days in the gay capital.

"How is Rosie? Has she forgotten me?" were among his first questions.

Mrs. Dysart laughed. "Rose is at school at Neuilly. Come with us this afternoon, and then judge for yourself whether you have been forgotten."

The girl had not grown stiff and shy. She was immensely delighted to see her friend again, and she told him so. He joked her about her baby overtures toward him; he reminded her of how she would drag a foot-stool across the room, and by its aid climb to his knee and busy her small hands with his hair, on the pretext of making him "nice and tidy."

"I have grown gray since those days," he said, with a half a sigh. Whereupon Miss Rose declared that she liked gray hair best.

Each seemed to please the other; they seized in a moment on each other's meaning, they appeared to divine each other's thoughts.

"I shall come again," said Colonel Clitheroe, when the visitors' hour was over, and study must begin. "I see

that you and I shall be excellent friends, as we were eleven years ago." However, he made no second visit to the "pensionnat" at Neuilly-sur-Seine. His old uncle's illness recalled him suddenly to England and Rose Dysart was a finished young lady and about to be introduced into society before she had the pleasure of meeting her colonel again.

This girl's face was not strictly beautiful, but it was a charming face. She was immensely admired, both by men and women. And there must be something lovable as well as lovely in a young lady of 17 when those of her own sex express sincere admiration and can praise her whole-heartedly.

"She will certainly marry young," said elderly people, but it never occurred to any of them to suppose that this sunny-faced Rose Dysart would refuse three eligible men simply because she loved a middle-aged colonel, stood before him.

Like many other parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dysart seemed to regard their daughter as little more than a child. They scarcely realized that others viewed her differently.

"Of course, like other girls, Rose must go into society," they said, "but we hope it may be years and years before we have to part with her."

And they were quite delighted that she should refuse her first three offers of marriage.

It was in the spring and just before her eighteenth birthday that the Dysarts left their pretty Sussex home for a furnished house at Eton place, which they had hired for the season at a somewhat exorbitant rent.

To the great joy of Rose, Colonel Clitheroe was one of the first callers. He also was in town for two or three months, having, during the previous year, buried his old uncle and inherited the property.

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Dysart to him, with the familiarity of a friend of long standing, "you really ought not to remain unmarried. Try to remember that you are depriving some woman of an excellent home and a still more excellent husband! A man in the prime of life—well off, good-looking, retired from the army—where lies the hindrance?"

"Simply in this," replied the Colonel. "I have never been in love, and I should be afraid to marry now that I am past the tender passion. You see there is no 'three years system' in matrimony. It has to be till death do us part."

Mr. Dysart laughed.

"You must not be allowed to remain a bachelor, my dear Clitheroe. I shall look round for some nice woman of about five-and-thirty, and try my pretence hand at match-making."

"No; don't you get married, Colonel," exclaimed Rose, who was in the room. "I like you best as you are. Indeed, I think changes are almost disagreeable. It is pleasant for things to go on pretty much the same. I mean to remain single all my life so as never to have to leave father and mother."

"You will be reconciled to leave us when the right man and right moment arrive," said Mrs. Dysart. "You may not think so now; girls never do before they are really in love. But in all probability the time will come when, of your own wish and will, you will go away from us."

Rose shook her head.

"I can't think so, mother. However, let us talk of some more interesting subject—of my being presented, for instance. Can you picture me, Colonel, making my courtesy and kissing the hand of royalty? I hope I sha'n't turn awkward and shy at the last moment. I ought not, for as a little girl, with a counterpane in place of a train, I have practiced my manner over and over again."

They all laughed.

"No, I scarcely think you will be shy," said Colonel Clitheroe. "Besides, the moment makes the man, they say—so, of course, it makes the woman."

The important day came. Rose Dysart was simply, yet elegantly dressed, and her fresh young face won its fair share of notice as she awaited among the crowd of debutantes.

Then followed six weeks of gayety: concerts, opera, dances, garden parties, riding in the Row; nevertheless the girl was glad when her father decided to return to the country before midsummer.

Everything seemed beautiful and endeared by absence. The trees had exchanged their first freshness of tender green for the ripeness of summer beauty; the hawthorn and bluebells were over and done with, but the foliage of the woods seemed lovely by contrast with Hyde Park.

Colonel Clitheroe was to be one of the after season guests at the Dysarts' country house; he followed them within a fortnight of the departure from Eton place.

Was anything troubling him? Was he unwell? Those were the questions they asked him, for he did not seem so cheerful as usual, and he was apt to drop into fits of musing, so that even the voice of Rose made him start as one who returns suddenly from the land of dreams to reality.

The fact was that he had promised to execute a commission which was distasteful to him.

"Colonel," a bright-faced guardsman had said to him one day, "I'll tell you a secret. I am in love with Rose Dysart, and I shall never care for another girl. Now, you and my father were boys together, and you are the oldest friend I possess in the world. Say a good word for me, will you? She thinks you infallible on every point; she has told me herself that there is no one like you."

Colonel Clitheroe worked vigorously at a tuft of grass with the toe of his boot for some moments before answering.

"Have you spoken for yourself?" he suddenly inquired.

"Not in plain words. Every time I try to get round to the point there seems a difficulty, but I would try my luck

again and again if I thought I might win Rose in the end. Speak up for me, won't you, Colonel?"

"If a favorable moment comes, but I don't see what my recommendation can do for you."

"Hasn't she known you all her life, and doesn't she think you worth any number of young fellows put together?" said Rawdon. "The chief subject of conversation when we dance or when we sit out together seems to be the perfections of Colonel Clitheroe, and I've had to tell her all I could think of about you when the regiment was out in India. After exhausting facts I try fiction, seeing that it is the only way to win a smile," and the young fellow laughed.

The gray-haired man of six-and-forty was thinking over this conversation as the train carried him down to Sussex, but he thought of it even more as soon as Rose, in her bright young beauty, stood before him.

Harry Rawdon was a good fellow enough, but not good enough for the Dysarts' daughter! Who, indeed, would be worthy of such a wife?

"Nevertheless," reflected the Colonel. "I knew his father when we were both boys at school. I must do my best for Harry, and one of these days I will sound Rose on the subject and get an idea of the state of her heart."

Opportunities of private chat were not difficult to find.

Mr. and Mrs. Dysart regarded Colonel Clitheroe as a sort of venerable friend with whom Rose might be sent to walk, talk or ride without outraging even the narrowest notions of propriety.

Yet the Colonel felt a shrinking from mentioning the subject of young Rawdon's desires, and from speaking up for his many excellent qualities. He liked much better to talk over "dear old times," as Rose called her golden days of childhood.

"I must have been a positive nuisance to you, wasn't I, Colonel?" she said one day as they paced side by side the terrace walk while waiting the summons to breakfast. "I know I was always running after you, yet you never seemed cross and bored."

"I should think not, indeed," and the Colonel laughed. "Your advances were so flattering. I could not reckon up the times you assured me your intention to marry me when you grew big enough. Ah, child," and now a cloud followed the smile, "I suppose one of these days I shall stand among your wedding guests—and I don't think I shall enjoy the ceremony a bit."

"You will never be a guest," and now Rose colored, yet held out her hand as bravely as when she was a child. "Colonel, I am going to do something dreadful, I suppose. Please never tell anyone; and please say 'no' if you would rather give that answer. But I am big enough now, and I tell you exactly what I did when I was 2 years old: 'I'll marry you—or I shall certainly never marry anybody.'

And in that moment Colonel Clitheroe knew that though his hair was plentifully streaked with gray and though his face had lines on it which nothing but the passage of years can trace, he loved Rose Dysart as a man loves only once in a lifetime.

It was only when he told Mr. and Mrs. Dysart of his good fortune that he remembered Harry Rawdon's commission.

"Never mind!" said Rose. "Your recommendation of him as a husband would not have been of the slightest use. I have loved you first and last and always—ever since I was two."

That is how there came to be a young bright girl, who, bearing the title of Mrs. Colonel Clitheroe, walked by the side of her elderly husband one sunny Sunday to the accompaniment of the church bells. Snow in his hair—summer in her face, yet there were happy, with a happiness which is the portion of very few of the men and women whom the world considers well matched.—Household Words.

Gardening in a Mine.

Seventeen acres of garden, three hundred feet below the surface of the earth, was the unusual sight on which the writer looked a few days ago, and he at once decided to tell the readers of the Youth's Companion something about this strange, subterranean garden.

The whole place was shrouded in the most intense darkness, except the small circle of light produced from my flickering torch, as I stood in an abandoned gallery of one of the great gypsum mines near Grand Rapids, Mich., which Mr. A. H. Apted, assistant superintendent of the Eagle Mines, has transformed into profitable mushroom garden.

It is well known that mushrooms grow most freely in the dark. Consequently arches and tunnels for their culture are constructed in many parts of the world. This fact suggested to Mr. Apted, a few years ago, the idea of attempting to cultivate mushrooms in the market in the abandoned galleries of the old mine.

His first attempts were discouraging, but after several years' work, and the expenditure of much money, he has brought his odd garden to a paying condition. He is able to place several hundred pounds of plants on the market each week, and readily secures 40 cents a pound for the whole crop.

There are seventeen acres of area in the abandoned galleries, and Mr. Apted is able to cultivate nearly the whole space. The soil for his beds is prepared in the open air, and is drawn in wagons to the place where it is used. Attempts have been made to raise mushrooms in coal and iron mines, but without success. A small garden similar to Mr. Apted's is cultivated in an old gypsum-mine at Akron, N. Y., and these two are probably the only places in the world where abandoned mines are successfully utilized for the purpose.

The fact was that he had promised to execute a commission which was distasteful to him.

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HINTS ON HEADGEAR.

HATS ARE OF ALL SORTS, LARGE, SMALL AND MEDIUM.

Picture Hats of Black Velvet Are Very Popular — Trimmings of Ribbons, Flowers, Plumes and Laces Are Used in Great Abundance.

Millinery Moles.
New York correspondence:

F for a woman commences the consideration of new hats she'll be likely to end by deciding that the matter of selection is difficult because this year so many pretty ones. She'll find attractive models of all sorts, big hats and small, tailor-made, quaint, picture, conventional, enormous, little and medium. Adorable small hats are mere bunches of flowers, or a wing or so caught into a frill of lace, velvet, satin or fur. The ever-becoming "tan" is so modified that all the friskiness is out of it and all the jauntiness remains.

A costume otherwise perfectly demure may take a touch as unexpected and as striking as the flash in an opal by the addition of a saucy hat that is, perhaps, the only bit of color in the rig. If you have clever fingers you can risk making one of these dainty affairs "out of a corner left over from a collar," but you need clever fingers because all the hats of the season, including the many different kinds of small ones, seem to be put together with a purpose for all their apparent carelessness. The first hat of the five shown to-day had that deceptive look of being thrown together, hit

den craze for black velvet hats weighted with white plumes. Such hats are bound about with wide white ribbon half hidden by another binding of black, the two ribbons making a pair of stiff upright bows. As a finishing touch there are catch pins of contrasting color. These hats are too showy for the best dresses that most of us have, but we can do the black hat without the white safely enough. The shape our black hat's crown will take is shown in the fourth sketch. This hat was trimmed with a puffing of heliotrope around the crown, loops and flowers of the same shade being put in here and there among the tiny ostrich tips that lay around the brim. Heliotrope flowers held up the brim behind, and two black wings were put in back.

The woman that had her velvet hat last season made with a soft tam crown is this year making over such a hat by merely lifting up the crown, by binding it into a sort of collar of stiffly folded taffeta or moire silk, above which collar the soft brim appears. As many as six or eight big soft plumes arranged in a sunburst at the back of the hat, all the tips hanging heavily over the top of the hat make an approved trimming, and she that valiantly hung on to her long plumes is counting herself lucky just now.

Rules are hard to trace in the small hats, as was indicated by a foregoing remark to the effect that many tiny hats look as if thrown together, but nevertheless many of the wee bits of headwear are very attractive. Here is one,

Almost all crowns narrow a little toward the top, and those that have high crowns often narrow a great deal. The one conspicuous exception to this rule is the type shown in the second picture, and it is one that is seen very often on the promenade. It is the season's variation of the English walking hat, and is so great a one that the original is hardly recognizable. Its crown suggests the old-time bell shape, and the sides are wide and much rolled. In this example Nile green satin was disposed in pretty puffs on the brim and formed a bunch garniture at the left. Black ostrich plumes and a big white aigrette rose from the center. The hat itself was black felt, and had a narrow border of black velvet. If your hat be a really fine and thick light weight felt, you will leave its edges unbound, so that its quality may show; that is a whim of this season. But whenever binding is used, it is almost always black, no matter what the color of the hat, and is either velvet or moire.

Picture hats run rather more to the fantastic than they have done of recent seasons, and are just so much less suitable for wear with costumes that

in

IN A STEADY FLOOD.

RUSH OF GRAIN FROM THE WEST FOR SHIPMENT.

Difficult to Get Lake Vessels to Accommodate the Immense Traffic—One Train to Carry the Corn Crop Would Encircle the Globe.

METHOD OF HANDLING GRAIN.
In such a phenomenal year as the present, when the crop of corn in the United States reaches well up to 2,500,000 bushels, two classes of individuals are quite as busily employed as the farmer in handling the same, in storing it, caring for it, furthering its shipment—the elevator and the vessel men. That amount of grain is something enormous. It would fill a train of 3,692,308 cars of the average size of 650 bushels capacity, and such a train, 22,283 miles long, would nearly encircle the globe; it would make car-goes for 24,000 lake steamers of the average capacity of 100,000 bushels, but, of course, from this amount should be deducted the amount used for home consumption, and from the estimate of lake cargoes a liberal allowance should be made for the portion which goes by way of all rail routes to the coast.

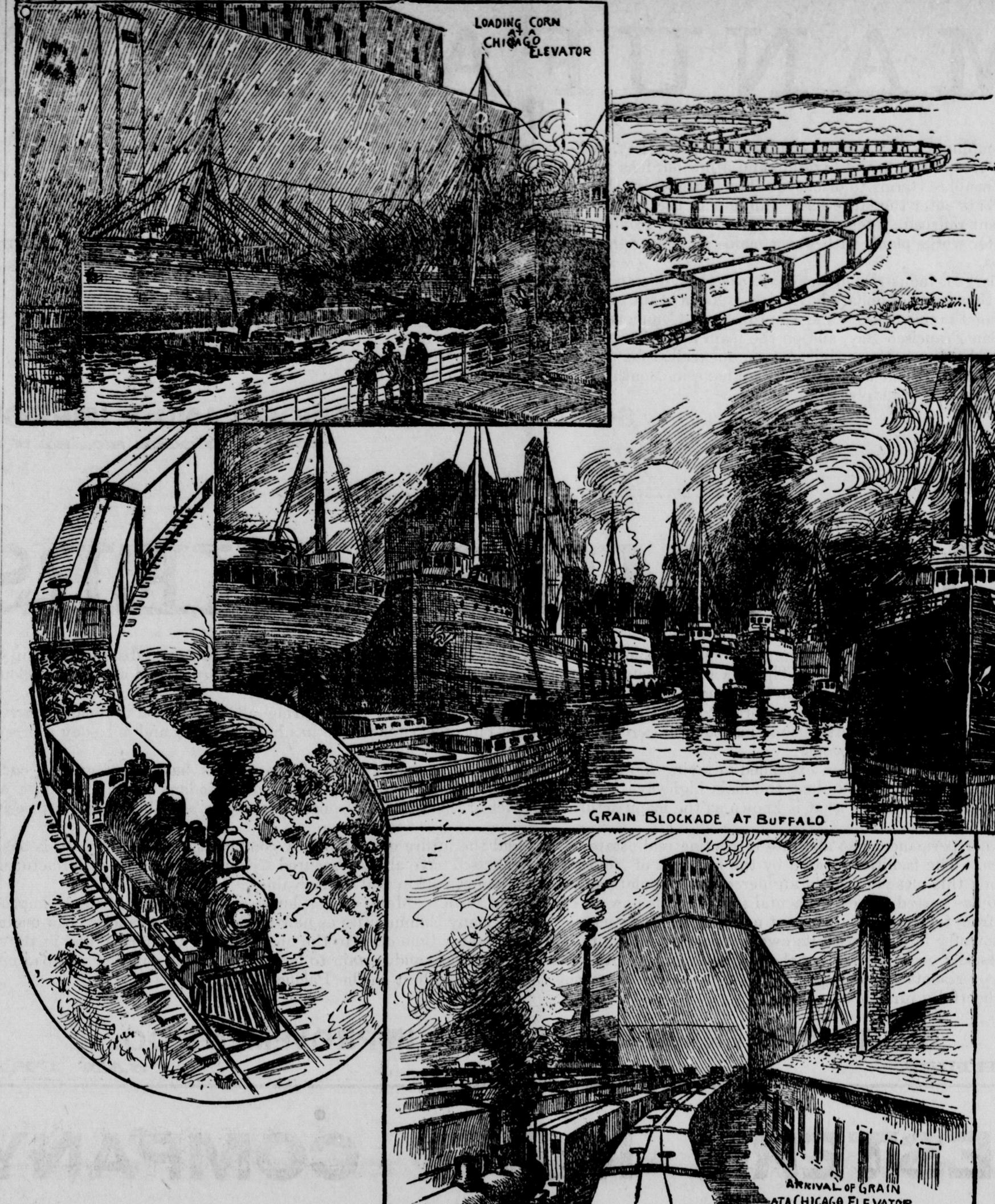
Chicago handles so much grain when now double large crops are in movement, that for many weeks in the fall of the year there is a car famine on all its diverging railroads, while storage room is at a premium, and scarce. In a single month Chicago can take care of 22,000,000 bushels of grain of lake shipments, and 500,000 bushels a day of rail receipts. The receiving facilities are so great and so accurately systematized that where a person unfamiliar with the business would anticipate a tremendous blockade, every car coming in is moved to its proper place by an unvarying routine, dumped, sent our again; every other carrying vehicle is brought to its dock, and the long chutes of the elevators tick up the grain in a continuous stream, distribute it, transfer it, as easily as pouring water from one cup to another. It is at Buffalo where the blockade usually occurs. There cargoes have to be shifted for seaboard events. Boats are sometimes detained, awaiting a chance to unload, anywhere from a week to ten days. Craft moored alongside each other get in a jam every hour. In some cases steamers with cargoes of grain billied clear through to the seaboard, with ocean room engaged to take the grain to Europe, are towed directly to the elevators on arrival and unloaded, but in any case where there is a chance of being detained in the elevator any time at all, the boat is compelled to hold its load. In a busy season, storage room at these great grain points is completely filled, and elevators are barely able to handle cargoes direct from boat to cars.

The contents of a small country elevator, located at some little railway town, soon lose all independent identity when the selling movement starts in. The corn is loaded into cars, which are added to a long freight train made up of similar cars of corn and started toward Chicago. Each car-load is noted by itself and has a place in the records of the railroad company. The journey is soon made to the outskirts of the city, and, after being bumped about over miles of switch-yards, the consignment from the country is run into some big elevator. The doors are opened and the grain inspector passes along from car to car carefully inspecting each sample taken. The corn is up to the grade and the grain doors are lifted out. The yellow corn pours in a bright stream into the chutes on either side of the track, where it is immediately caught up by conveyors and carried up into the big cupola on top of the elevator. The weighing hoppers are ready to receive it, and after being weighed it is run into bins of corn of similar grade. The identity of each car is now lost, and it only appeared on the receipts of the Board of Trade as a unit in a consignment.

The following morning a representative of some large commission firm, to whom the grain has been consigned, appears on the floor of the board of trade, walks over to "vesselmen's aisle," between the corn and provision pits, and salutes a vessel broker with an inquiry as to the rate for corn to Buffalo. Say it is stated at 2½ cents. The operator offers 2¼, and interviews many brokers, until he secures his rate. He demands a 15-minute option on the steamer finally accepted. It carries 90,000 bushels. In five minutes he has sold that amount of corn by telegraph in New York, has engaged elevator room at Buffalo, and rail shipment thence to New York. He then returns to the vesselman and completes his charterer. In all probability the receiver of the grain at New York has in ten minutes more sold the grain to a Liverpool firm and in a very short time charters the ocean room to carry it there.

The vessel agent, having placed his boat, at once arranges for the loading. The orders for the grain at the elevator are given him, he engages the trimmers and tally men, and as the steamer is ready to load, in an hour tugs pull it up to the dock under the towering walls of the elevator. The hold is all clean, all the coal dust from the up cargo having been swept out.

The spouts at the bottom of the bin where the corn has been stored are open, and the yellow grain pours into the same hoppers in the floor where it entered on its arrival. Into the same conveyors it goes and again is shot into the weighing hoppers. All grain must be weighed in and out of an elevator, for that is the way it is measured. After being discharged from the weighing hopper this time it is turned into the spouts and takes leap into the sunlight and then into the deep



"LITTLE CORINNE."

CHARMING ACTRESS MAKES CHARITABLE DISPOSITION OF HER PROPERTY.
"Little Corinne," who has not been little for many seasons gone, recently made her will in San Francisco. She devises that all her property, real and personal, shall be sold at auction, and the proceeds, which she says will not fall under \$750,000, shall be devoted to the foundation of a "home for aged and unemployed actresses," to be established near New York. Corinne, although not very diminutive, is still excessively young, and the realization of her kind impulses will in all probability be deferred indefinitely, as her health is robust and her constitution wonderfully strong. This young lady has a romantic history. It has been said that her mother, the late Mrs. Jennie Kimball, was not her mother at all. Some have gone so far as to assert that the talent



"LITTLE CORINNE."

ed, pretty and vivacious dancer was stolen from parents of title by gypsies, while others say that Mrs. Kimball found her as a tot friendless and alone and took her up. At all events all are agreed that Corinne's life has been that of a princess reared in luxury. Her mother, or guardian, while giving her all her heart could desire, jealously and sedulously kept her from having a lover. Corinne has sung and danced in every city, town and village in the land, and has "hosts of admirers" in all of them. One of her chief purposes in the foundation is to save young actresses out of work from the vicissitudes of a wicked world.

LOGAN CARLISLE'S CHEEK.

Secretary Carlisle once issued an order that no two members of a family

should be employed in the Treasury Department at the same time. This caused several dismissals and forced resignations, and one young woman, whose mother had been forced to leave, entered indignant protest with Logan Carlisle, the secretary's son and chief clerk of the department. She pleaded, threatened, and finally said: "Well, Mr. Chief Clerk, it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Both your father and yourself being here, the rule is violated, and I think it a shame that such favoritism should be displayed." Logan drummed on his desk with his pencil and wore a far-away look. Finally he said: "Well, I guess the old man will have to go."

BIRMINGHAM'S GAS-LIGHTING.
In order to facilitate lighting in courts, the corporation undertakes to treat such lamps as public, on the principle that a light is almost as valuable as a policeman. In 1880 the number of court lamps was 4, consuming 60,000 cubic feet of gas, at an annual cost of £10; in 1894 the number of lamps had increased to 1,784, burning more than 25,000,000 cubic feet, and the cost of £1,866 per annum. Of the 160,000 houses in the district of supply, only 60,000 have meters, and of these not more than three-fourths are dwelling houses. In England gas fixtures are individual property, furnished by the tenant, and removable when he goes into another house, the landlord supplying only the connection with the street mains. The department now encourages landlords to connect their houses, to supply tenants with fixtures, and to put in prepayment, or penny-in-the-slot, meters, like those in the artisans' houses belonging to the corporation, all to be covered by the gross cost of the gas furnished at a rate of 3s. 4d. per thousand.—CENTURY.

THE VOCAL STUDENT.
Madame Melba addresses students of music in an instructive, practical paper in the Ladies' Home Journal. She tells in her article on "The Vocal Student" of the necessity of securing a thoroughly competent teacher, of practice, and the care of the health; emphasizes the importance of being trained musicians as well as vocalists; talks of the monetary value of a musical training and of European study. With regard to the monetary reward of a capable singer, Madame Melba says: "To a girl properly trained and qualified the profession of a vocal teacher is one of the most remunerative. Good teachers are scarce and in great demand, and as the fees are large an excellent income may

be obtained. Next comes the career of the church singer. Every church has its choir, and in the majority of cases the soloists composing it are paid, and often well paid. Engagements as a drawing-room singer can be secured in large cities when one has talent and faculty, and when the voice is not sufficiently large for its possessor to become a concert singer. The fees of the successful concert singer are large; she is constantly in demand; her repertoire is of songs, not of entire roles, and is more easily acquired; her expenses are limited to the cost of a few evening gowns, in the place of scores of costumes. For the opera singer there is plenty of hard work, but for that there is the compensation of being associated in many cases with the famous artists of the world, whom to know is a liberal education."

WHAT TO INVENT.

A chair which can be made into a standing shoe-box or step-ladder. The one invention now on the market does not afford satisfaction.

A flat iron that can be kept hot without putting it on the stove.

A cheap guard, attachable to and detachable from freight cars, to prevent brakemen from falling off the roof. Thousands of accidents occur annually from this cause, and a simple but effective device for this purpose will yield thousands of dollars.

An extension picture frame to fit any size picture and look well. All now on the market are clumsy and do not work perfectly.

Improved nipple for infants' feeding bottles. It must be capable of being easily kept clean, and adapted to regulate the flow of milk.

A fire-escape which can be attached to buildings, and which will be both ornamental and durable.

A simple and cheap "handy tool" for general use, with space for advertisement on it. This would be worth many thousands.

DEPARTING BOARDER.—"I'm sorry we couldn't get along, but I hope you are willing to let hygones be bygones." Landlady—"Does that include your board bill, Mr. Jones?"—BOSTON JOURNAL.

On May 15 a pure white crow was picked up near Sherburn Colliery station, England. The bird, which is a young one, has the bill, feet and legs white.

As a rule, you will find that the man who has troubles of his own never wears a button saving so.

LOST MEMORY IN A WRECK.

MISHAPS OF A NEW JERSEY MAN WHO PASSED THROUGH RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

One of the victims of the Atlantic City meadow railroad horror is Francis A. Morrell, who lives with his father at East Orange, N. J. He is 25 years old, unmarried and was, prior to the accident, connected with the law office of his brother-in-law, George Clymer, in Newark.

The remarkable feature of the case is the fact that, while slowly returning to his normal physical condition, his mental condition is such that he recalls nothing of the accident. When spoken to upon the subject of the collision he denies any recollection of it or that he was in it, and attributes the pain in his head to neuralgia.

He was taken out of the wreck at a point almost under one of the locomotives. He reads the newspapers, enters earnestly and intelligently into a conversation and seems as clear-minded as anyone else, except on the subject of the accident.

When Morrel was taken to the Atlantic City sanitarium after the accident it was found that he was practically scalped on the left side of his head, his ear was torn off with the scalp and the skin from the left side of his jaw. His left shoulder blade was badly fractured and the bones of his shoulder were broken. His left arm was badly injured, his legs were a mass of bruised and lacerated flesh and he was crushed about the lower part of the trunk of his body so badly as to cause severe internal injuries, which make his restoration to almost normal physical condition little short of marvelous. His external wounds are nearly all healed, except where his ear was torn.

Owing to the remarkable recovery from his physical wounds the doctors now entertain the hope that what is now a blank to him may return to his memory and his recovery be complete.

His conversation with members of the family is often sharp and bright. In many instances, however, the intervention of a few hours' time will apparently obliterate from his memory all trace of the conversation and he will deny that it took place or that certain things were done. On the other hand, matters which it was not believed he could well remember he recalled with ease two, three or four days after their occurrence. In fact, he understands and talks well about everything except the accident and anything pertaining to it, and while he listens with interest to anything said about it he declares earnestly that he knows nothing about it and that it never happened, in spite of his frightful tell-tale injuries.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

BUST OF WALTER SCOTT.

TO BE PLACED IN A NICHE BESIDE LONGFELLOW IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Sir Walter Scott is to have a bust in Westminster Abbey. It will be placed in that spot so sacred to all admirers of literary genius—the poet's corner. Scott will be given a niche beside Longfellow—the only American in the En-



GLISH PANOPHE—And appropriately, too, was not Sir Walter to Caldonia the same sort of poet that Henry Wadsworth was to America? The bust of Scott is in marble, and is a replica of the famous Chantrey bust.

It was modeled by the noted British sculptor, J. Hutchinson, and is to be a fine portrait of the great novelist and narrative poet.

DISTRESSING POVERTY.

A party of Kentuckians were in Washington some years ago and called on the Congressman from their district. During the conversation the visitors asked about Colonel —, a former neighbor who had been living in Washington for some time. "I am very sorry to tell you, gentlemen," replied the member of Congress, "that Colonel — is in hard luck. He is very poor, indeed, I assure you. He does not complain, and it was only by accident that I learned of his straitened circumstances. He has a room across the hall from my room at the hotel. A few nights ago I went across to borrow his corkscrew. Would you believe it, gentlemen, Colonel — is actually so poor his corkscrew is rusty!"

BAIT.

Every fisherman knows the value of earthworms as bait; they are also excellent food for young birds, fishes, etc. According to La Nature, they can be got anywhere by simply wetting the ground with a solution of cupric sulphate (blue vitriol)—10 grammes to a quart of water—which will bring them out in surprising numbers, almost immediately. Soapsuds have the same effect.

It is said there is not a girl in Topeka who would not give up society, if she could get a good job.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY . . .

PORK PACKERS

— AND SLAUGHTERERS OF —

BEEF, SHEEP AND CALVES

: : :

— PACKERS OF THE —

GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

: : :

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.